

# THE WORLD'S DUTY TO ITALY

It Has Been Neglected Since the War's Beginning. Further Neglect Might Mean German Victory

There is no question that the President of the United States realizes the crisis that has been reached in the war; no doubt that he will impress upon France and upon England the world's duty to Italy in this crisis.

For two years and a half the Italian government abroad, and its representatives here, have told, unheeded, of Italy's needs, of her just claims.

If you ask what Italy has done for the Allies, here is your answer:

She has kept tied up the whole Austrian army. That army has not dared to move for two and a half years; it has been practically useless to Germany. As soon as Austria attempted to move troops away from the Italian front, the Italians went forward and again the Austrian army was tied up.

On the French frontier, the Italians for two years and a half have released all French soldiers and all French guns for work elsewhere.

It is vitally important to France, England, and America, that Italy should now be helped in the fight against Prussians and Austrians on the Italian Plains, to continue protection of that French frontier.

From the beginning, the Allies have failed to recognize the importance of the Italian frontier. They see now that at that frontier the war can and will be won or lost.

The importance of the Italian front, like the power and reserve force of Germany, have both been underestimated by the Allies.

But Germany has NOT underestimated the importance of that Italian frontier, and this is shown when, at the first possible moment, German armies, released from the Russian front, are thrown against the Italians.

From the beginning the Italians have lacked ammunition. If they had been adequately supplied, they WOULD have taken Lubeck, only thirty-five miles beyond the Italian fighting front of a few days ago.

This would have opened the road to the Hungarian Plains, it would have done to Austria, and through Austria to Germany, what Germany now threatens to do to Italy, and through Italy to all of the Allies.

The world has all confidence in the courage and determination of the Italians, and believes that they will hold the Prussian hordes and the Austrian hangers-on that have broken through the mountains because the Italians failed to get the assistance that they should have had.

But the gigantic forces sent by Prussia against the Italians, an attack more huge and powerful even than that against Verdun, show that the Germans thoroughly appreciate the possibility of ending the war in their favor through this attack.

If the Italians are beaten, the road is left open for the Germans to go via Piedmont and Lombardy, through the back door of France, stripped of its guns and men.

Thanks to Napoleon, there are magnificent roads upon which ten men can march abreast leading from those Italian plains into France.

Those are the roads which the Germans hope they may soon be traveling. Those are the roads that the Italians will defend with high courage. The whole civilized world should be helping them in the defense.

If the Italians win in the great battles that are coming on those Italian Plains, Germany will have been beaten once and for all. If her great army, secretly prepared and launched against Italy with terrific energy, is

beaten in the open, in fair battle, farewell to Prussian domination of the world.

If the Germans win, if they force Italy to a separate peace, and start on their march through an open road, attacking France in the rear—then **THREE WEEKS MIGHT SEE GERMAN VICTORY.**

The appeals of Italy have been ignored. Her repeated statements that **HER FRONTIER** was the right point of attack against Germany, and the possible dangerous point of German attack, have received no attention.

The duty of civilization and of the United States especially at this moment is a duty to Italy.

Supplies of all kinds, food, ammunition, guns, and money should be sent freely, and without the loss of a day.

There are millions of tons of needed supplies piled up in New York waiting for shipment to the various Allies. This Government should send of those supplies—with the Allies' consent easily obtained—as much as Italy needs, and by the first ships that can be sent across.

Undoubtedly England, head of the Allies, richest, and possessing the ships, is doing all that can be done to meet a misunderstood situation and a neglected duty.

There is no doubt that the President of the United States will see that this country does its duty fully and promptly.

Give the Germans victory over Italy, release the Austrian fleet, give the people of Austria and Germany the great comfort and enthusiasm that would come of such a victory—and many a year would pass and many a score of billions be poured out before this war would end in Germany's defeat.

## Winifred Black Writes On Life's Autumn

THE maple tree is yellow, deep, rich, golden yellow. Every leaf glitters in the sunshine, and at night in the moonlight it is pale but warm, like the light of the little old-fashioned candles that gleam on the altar in the dark old church. The oak tree is scarlet, or is it crimson? I can hardly tell. It makes so much difference which way the wind is blowing, and how the leaves are turned. Some of the leaves are brown, deep and rich, like the sheen on the cakes of chocolate that used to look so fine to me when I slipped into the kitchen on chocolate cake day, and never quite got the chance I thought I ought to have at those shining cakes of rich and cloying brown. The leaves are falling almost everywhere, and the glory of the garden is blazing into a gorgeous flash of splendid color. The garden makes me think at this time of the year of the fire in the fireplace when it has burned lustily and cheerfully all the evening, and at night just before it decides to go out it flames up in a last sudden beauty that is almost a little terrifying. How beautiful the dahlias are—as gorgeous as chrysanthemums! I like the raggedy ones best. Somehow the stiff, correct petals always remind me of a teacher I had once who never sat any way but straight and stiff in her chair, and who couldn't seem to remember that little girls had to move once in a while or die. The great, tall Canterbury bells are dropping their petals one by one and the white daphne begins to gleam again like a milky star in the green of its foliage. How sweet the air is, how clear, and honest, somehow like the voice of a true, devoted friend, nothing wooing or flattering about it, and nothing angry either, as it will be later, but vigorous and prosaic and friendly. I think, after all, October is the best, don't you? It reminds me of a hale man in the full strength of his manhood, or of a splendid, gracious woman just reaching the top of the hill of life—proud, calm and self-contained. I know a quiet little woman who has never been much of a beauty.

Poor thing, she has never had time to be. There was father to be looked after, and father needed a good deal of looking after, I noticed. His food had to be specially prepared. Oh, no, father wasn't an invalid, he was just fastidious, and he liked some one to be at home to meet him. He missed his wife since she has gone, and the boys never seemed to take her place, so daughter did the best she could. And then the boys kept her busy getting them out of trouble and making excuses for them, and explaining why they didn't do things that they did not do, and what made them do things that they did. I have always thought of her as a nice, gentle, quiet, good little woman, useful and fine, but not particularly ornamental nor even interesting. Yesterday she came to see me, and she had in her arms a great branch of oak, with the leaves flaming scarlet and crimson. She was in brown, rich fall brown, from head to foot. She had been walking in the woods, and the vagrant breeze had caught her hair and had loosened it from its ordinary neat precision, and where the sun filtered through the brim of her hat there was a gleam of lovely gold and her face was flushed and her eyes bright. "Why, she's a beauty!" I said. And we sat together in the mellow sunshine on the porch, and I noticed something shining on her hand. It was a ring there. I understood the change in my little autumnal beauty—all at once. Who is the man, I wonder. We didn't mention his name. We didn't have to, but we talked about him all the afternoon. He was in every leaf of the oak, every sound of the vine rustling against the pillars of the porch, every flickering shadow cast by the fluttering leaves. I hope he is worthy, but whether he is or not, the love of him is worthy and my little autumn beauty of a friend has blossomed at last just at the turn of the leaves. I am glad. I hope she will be married in October and wear a bunch of purple asters and yellow maple leaves for her wedding bouquet. They will look just like her.

## THERE HE GOES



Kerensky, according to press dispatches, says that Russia can no longer be counted as an effective opponent of Germany.

## Something for South Washington

This Ought To Be a Hot Weather Editorial; But Why Wait Until Summer?—It Concerns the Proposed Ferry Across the Harbor to Connect Lower Seventh Street With East Potomac Park.

By EARL GODWIN.

When the bandstand in Potomac Park was erected, a mile away from any car line, some one asked an influential and famous woman resident of this city why that spot had been picked:

"To keep the common people away."

This was her answer.

Now here is a chance to get the better of that sort of snobbishness. The Office of Public Buildings and Grounds has heretofore recommended that a ferry be operated from South Washington across the harbor to East Potomac Park. If Congress can be induced to do something for these pestiferous common people at the coming session, then neglected South Washington, with its thousands of "common people" who have babies, will be able to sail across the water in a few seconds to reach a cool breeze with plenty of green grass and trees.

At present, a South Washington river-front mother who looks across the harbor to see a steady stream of fortunate automobile owners, cannot reach any part of that park without a long car ride, a transfer, and a long walk. If she carries her baby in her arms she must be the equal of cave woman in endurance to carry the burden over the super-heated summertime streets. Of course, she has no right to expect more, because she is one of the common people.

However, with the ferry across the narrow harbor she can almost step from Seventh street to East Potomac Park. It will be only a few seconds from hot and crowded streets to a green and breezy park, so situated between broad waters as to make it one of the coolest spots in any city.

One of the strangest puzzles is the way the Appropriations Committee of Congress and some of the members frequently treat a proposition to help mothers and babies live more comfortable lives. The ferry plan was once smothered in the Appropriations Committee because East Potomac Park had not been finished. Meantime this same committee has appropriated many much-needed dollars for matters which will never help a single human being as much as one hour's operation of this South Washington ferry. The Times is not in possession of any information as to what the forthcoming departmental estimates contain regarding the park or the ferry, but it hopes that East Potomac Park will be finished forthwith and that the ferry will be in operation as soon as possible.

This ought to be a hot weather editorial, but we want to see a ferry running before hot weather comes around again.